





# KASTOPHERIA

## THE WILL

“Each day is a little life: every waking and rising a little birth,  
every fresh morning a little youth,  
every going to rest and sleep a little death”

Arthur Schopenhauer

1788 - 1860



## ALREADY DEAD?

Noises, these noises  
They're poison and catching like the plague  
Voices, our voices  
They're nauseous and wild

We'll feed ours in the cold

Choices, no choices  
We're under the sun

We'll bleed ours when they're old  
Sleep together in the rain  
Live together in the rain

Noises and voices and noises

5:00

## LORDS OF ARMAGEDDON

I saw the final prize submerged in ammonia  
The veins burst spilling out lines from a book  
They burn up nice and brightly in the night  
My dream's dead, gone to seed, sown on the island's edge  
On a pretence of letting go of mass pandemonium  
It's shining nice and brightly in the night

Caged and chained the lust for all  
A silent serpent cuts our throats  
And they can keep all the clocks cos we have all the time, blood  
Caged and chained us for love  
A sullen hailing comes after us  
And distant changes grow in between the lands, no

Grey and pale just a whore  
This empty chamber once held them all  
The end is nearer now after all the lies, bones  
Grey and pale it's a hole  
Devoid of decency, it's retrograde  
It comes in droves to kill us and infect our souls

5:28



## INFERENCE

Just like a thorn in the side  
Searing and tearing the life inside  
It gets old

Rusted and coarse like a scythe  
Left out to die never coming back  
Bestowed

A love for all even in deceit  
Twisted tongue and colour in your lies  
A heart of gold, a fever in disguise  
High and dry to the wall

Cursed and pursued through all time  
Over ripe and callous looking growth of a bygone age  
So old

Dusted, reviled and disposed  
Embed all our knowings and inferred foresights  
Disowned

4:30

## ANALOGOUS

Home, it suddenly was gone  
Off in the fog it went to twisted clones  
With twisted fantasies who played them out

Alone, into the void you rolled  
Where apparitions speak and after all  
They live in their heads so self involved

Is there hope for another line

Cold, left in a hollow world  
A vast array of tyrants out to prey  
In this open season at the end

Hide in the underside

Thrown, against a volatile  
And vicarious anomaly  
In this burning mirror you will die

Is it hope or another lie  
Is it hope, unknown

I am the imposter of you

6:30



# DEDICATION

**MASH**  
1980-2022

“This album is dedicated to the memory of Matthew Abraham,  
a friend and fellow musician who I was once band mates with in  
Type 93”

RIP





## CONFIGURE

She rolls her eyes as if she would die creeping up behind  
The fluid soaks the rags that she bares, seeping like the wings that lifted  
up her fallen song

Her fractured mind now forms an ocean drowning out the noise  
A parasite has all but decayed the spirit of a soul encased in stone  
and fossilised

She rows ashore to read the last rights, leaving out the words  
The pages turn to show a lost cause, reading like a will it serves  
to show a broken home

Her absent eyes dissolve into void, howling at the wind  
She wanders endlessly in the night, her face becomes distorted  
and obscured beneath the stars

High above her morning starts to break  
High above her lonely paradise  
A room of inner loathing  
Ones and zeros coating every wall  
Here in hyperspace

She falls into a state of despair, verging on the end  
The darkness grows and shrouds her in lies  
Writhing in the loneliness and space between the lines  
Her empty thoughts collapse and reform as she becomes a ghost  
The old machine is hollow and dry  
It lumbers her with hope, her soul was stolen for a day

5:55

## THIS SIDE OF THE GRAVE

Loose ends tied up before twilight  
Blue skin dries up as it falls away

Beside your grave it gets cold at night  
This side I grow old and watch your decay

I hope you concede to this one demand, just open your gates  
I can see what you hold dear to you, it's under your gown  
You thought the right aspect would cleanse your rape and hold you to bed  
You belong to the worst of the best, you covet your own

Talk it out for the last time as the light leaves your eyes  
Decisions you made, I'm lost for words

I hope you concede to this one demand, just open your gates  
I can see what you hold dear to you, it's under your gown  
You made your last action to turn the page and fall onto words  
It's the nearest you'll see to a life this side of the grave

5:29



# TO THE LAST

Hope runs out to the sound of your voice  
Veins bleed their remaining supply  
Oh can I rest my weary head

The final whispers are fizzling out

Please mainline your hope into my cold dead heart  
Your love for me  
My lust for you  
It's to the last...

2:34

SCAN QR CODE FOR LINKS TO  
DOWNLOADS & EXTRAS



## CREDITS

CAL HALLSWORTH - Songwriting, Performance,  
Production, Artwork, Booklet design

DAN LAW - Artwork (Back cover, photograph and grave drawing)





An Act of Remembrance

Dedicated to Mash  
1980-2022

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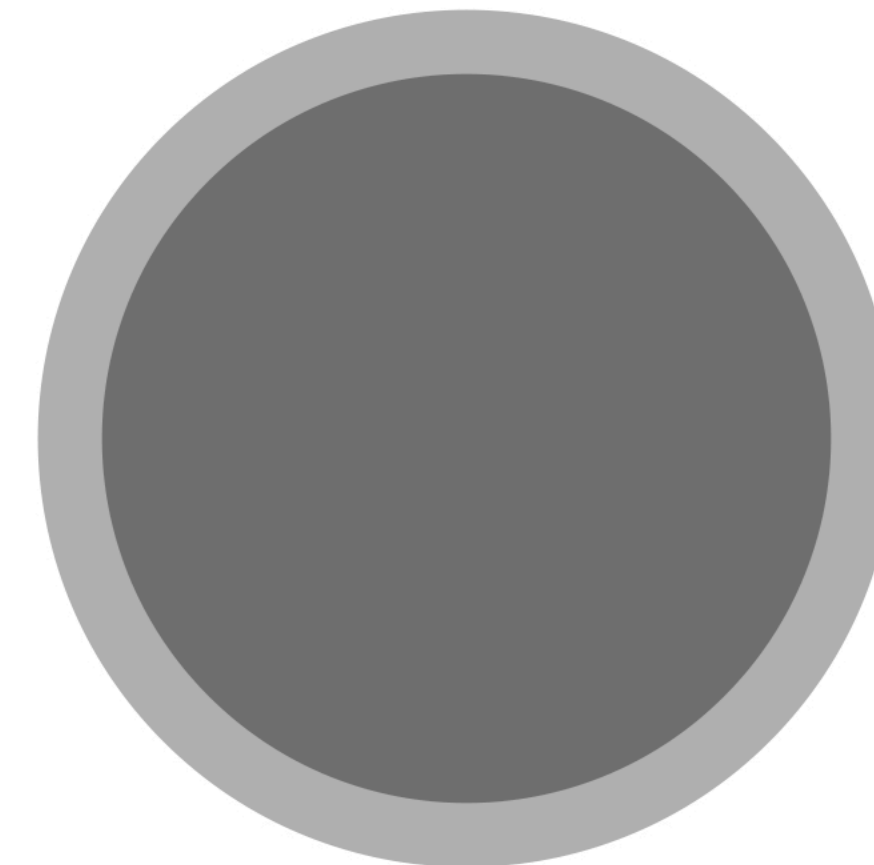




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## THE WILL

SONGWRITING, PERFORMANCE,  
RECORDING, MIXING & ARTWORK  
BY CAL HALLSWORTH  
ARTWORK BY DAN LAW



P 2025 KASTOPHERIA  
C 2025 KASTOPHERIA  
MADE IN ENGLAND

COMPACT  
disc  
DIGITAL AUDIO

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